

Sir

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Summary

"After all, somehow they were the same mech, just from different universes.

And furthermore, technically they both held the designation of Prime. They were of equal rank.

Technically."

Notes

I have other more important fics to write but here I am.

General size/heights were grabbed from this height chart (<http://i.imgur.com/9IT1OmI.jpg>). G1 OP's height is based more on that IDW OP in the lineup who is right next to TFA OP because I wanted him taller, and they never keep the heights consistent anyway. I imagined Beast Hunters/RID15 for tfp OP (again for that bigger size) but you can imagine him however you prefer.

Beyond that there's very little set up. Just an excuse for two Optimus Primes to fuck a third Optimus Prime.

Enjoy my filth.

It had been embarrassing the first time.

“Well, you’re more than welcome to stay with us while we figure out how to return you to your own universe, sir.”

The word had been out of his mouth before Optimus could stop it. Luckily, the other Optimus Prime had simply huffed with amusement. Optimus could only assume he had been smiling behind his battle mask since it that never seemed to part, even so long after the battle had ended. And Primus, did he hope it wasn’t at his expense.

Neither brought it up, and Optimus tried his best to not let it slip again.

After all, somehow they were the same mech, just from different universes.

And furthermore, technically they both held the designation of Prime. They were of equal rank.

Technically.

But it was easy to tell that Prime meant something far more significant in the other’s universe. There was something about the way he carried himself and the way he spoke that reminded Optimus more of Magnus than of a Prime. In battle he had fought with such skill and expertise, had easily ordered Optimus’s team accordingly before they could even introduce themselves, and seemed perfectly at ease making snap decisions in a way that Optimus envied.

There was no denying that this Prime was an experienced military leader with an entire army under his command, not a young academy failure who had struggled to learn how to lead just four bots.

Optimus’s very programming insisted that this Prime was someone that he should show respect and obey.

Still though, he would catch himself before the honorific could escape his vocalizer.

Since Optimus had never had any other name, the other Prime offered that they could call him by his former name for the time being: Orion Pax. And while it felt wrong to call someone who was clearly so high ranking by their name, Optimus had taken him up on the offer. It was less complicated for his team if they went by different names and did help to remind them that he was still their Prime.

Or it had been until yet another Optimus Prime appeared in their city.

And he was taller yet than Orion Pax was. This Optimus Prime was taller than even Megatron or Magnus.

When his battle mask parted and his whole attention was placed on Optimus, he concluded that being a Prime must have meant so little in his universe compared to all the others, because looking up into those optics and being engulfed by his mere presence had sent his programming into fits.

There was something almost holy about this Prime.

There was no way to avoid it the second time.

“My name is also Optimus Prime, sir.”

Once the surprise had faded, there was a comforting lilt to his voice as he replied, “If that is so, then there is no need for such formality.”

The newest Prime had also once had the name Orion Pax, so after a short discussion between the two giants – and Primus, they even had the same voice, that deep rumbling tone that made Optimus stand up straighter – they had turned to Optimus and offered him a new idea.

Orion Pax would simply be Pax. The newest Prime would be Orion.

If Optimus was amenable to it.

“Whatever you want, sirs.”

Pax and Orion had looked at each other. Orion then reminded Optimus that they were all Primes here, regardless of what it meant in their respective homes.

Optimus nodded, even as his frame grew warm with embarrassment. He did his best from that point on to respect their wishes.

Now though, as Pax’s digits spread his valve wide and lubricant flowed freely to drip on the berth, and as Orion’s spike pulsed hotly against his cheek, still wet with his own oral lubricant, Optimus didn’t have the strength to battle with his programming.

“Sir,” Optimus managed through a moan, his hips pushing back on those digits, “I—I think I’m ready now.” Pleasure danced across his sensornet when Pax curled his digits, pressing harshly against his nodes as they left Optimus’s valve.

The warm chuckle in response made him shiver.

Pax’s servo rested on his aft, his thumb stroking one of the lips of his valve in an almost comforting manner, as he answered, “At ease, soldier. There is no need to speak to me like that.”

Orion’s servo found Optimus’s chin and tilted it so he was looking up at him. Like this, face tucked into the crux of his hips, it was a long ways to look up, and Optimus shivered.

“We’re equals , most of all here.”

And wasn’t that how Optimus had managed to suggest this situation, mentioning that he had no Autobots of the same rank on Earth, and they had no equals in rank at all in their universes, so why shouldn’t they take advantage of the situation? Of course, he had backtracked as quickly as the suggestion was out of his mouth, embarrassed by his own eagerness, but the two had already started to consider it.

That equality was what brought them to his private quarters.

And yet Optimus could not fight back a quiet whine.

“S-sorry,” he said, helm turning slightly out of Orion’s hold to lick his spike, as if to return to the task he had abandoned to speak in the first place. “It just feels wrong to call you anything else.”

Orion’s grip tightened slightly to pull Optimus back. Before he could say anything though, Pax’s thumb pressed against Optimus’s anterior node and started to massage it gently. Optimus’s ventilations quickened as Pax spoke instead.

“I have no issue with it if it truly makes you more comfortable.”

Orion's optics flicked up and over Optimus's frame to share a look with Pax. After a moment his gaze returned to Optimus's face and the smallest Prime sucked his bottom lip between his dentae at the look of consideration he wore.

"Is that what you want?"

Burning heat bloomed in Optimus's face, embarrassed, but he nodded. A concerned frown pulled at Orion's mouth.

"Then I will relent as well, but only if you understand that we are not in fact your superiors."

Optimus nodded again, but when Orion's grip did not loosen and even Pax's servo had stilled as they waited, he said aloud, "I do. I mean, we're kind of the same bot, right?"

Pax's thumb slide back into his valve, as if in reward, and Optimus's optics shuttered. Orion took a moment longer before nodding and releasing his chin, allowing him to return to mouthing along the side of his spike until he had the tip between his lips again.

"And this is still how you want us?"

Optimus's optics opened and flicked up to Orion's face as he sucked the head, watching the older Prime's mouth gape a bit and feeling the vibrations as his powerful engine rumbled in his chassis. The servo he had around the large spike returned to its earlier stroking. It seemed to be all the answer Orion needed as those larger digits stroked his helm.

"And your valve is ready?" For a moment, Optimus thought it was Orion again, but the digits spreading his lips apart, allowing the growing lubricant to drip over the rim to streak down his frame, revealed the other Prime had been the one to ask.

Optimus hummed his assent as he took Orion's spike deep into his mouth. It was heavy on his tongue and spread his lips wide around its girth. The tip of Pax's spike pressed against the rim of his valve and Optimus's calipers cycled down in anticipation, desperate to be filled.

Instead of pressing in, however, a servo gently wrapped around one of Optimus's finials, pulling him back and off the spike in his mouth, leaving it to bob in front of his face. He looked up, but found that Orion's servos were still cradling the back and side of his helm.

Pax tugged just once on the sensitive appendage.

"What did you say?"

Optimus's voice was thick with static as he murmured, "Yes, *sir*, so please—"

A gasping hiccup interrupted his words as his valve began to fill, the spike hot as it pressed the delicate mesh lining out to nearly its limits with its size. Nodes lit up and sent a cascade of charge up his backstruts, the intensity of it sending his processors reeling. Gasping quickly morphed into groans as Optimus nuzzled against Orion's spike.

"O-oh, scrap." Optimus's damp lips brushed the heated plating of the spike as he spoke. Another fraction of the seemingly endless spike pressed past the rim of his valve, leaving him panting to try to assist his cooling fans as his frame temperature soared. "You're so big."

Pax's servo tightened on Optimus's hip, squeezing hard enough to dent ever so slightly as he stilled his own hips, seemingly waiting for Optimus to become more accustomed to his size.

“That’s not all of it,” Pax warned, his voice thick with his own pleasure. His grip relaxed on Optimus’s finial, patting his helm before stroking along the back of his neck. His digits mingled with Orion’s, both Primes caressing the plating comfortably. “If this is too much, we can try something else.”

There *was* a quiet ache in Optimus’s array. However, it took only a moment to confirm that it was nothing damaging.

“No, I’m fine. I’m not at my capacity limit,” Optimus assured. His valve cycled down around the large spike as he attempted to tilt his hips up. “I want all of it, sir.”

“Very well then.”

Pax’s servo moved down Optimus’s back and then around his side. There was no way to keep his hips from bucking when those large digits rolled his anterior node between them. However, the servo still on his hip kept Optimus from moving very far as he cried out.

“Then perhaps you should distract yourself while I fit the rest in.”

And that was all the suggestion Optimus needed to spur him back into action. After parting his lips to leave a wet kiss as way of apology for the wait, he moved the spike and filled his mouth with it. Orion’s digits flexed along his jawline. Dragging his glossa along the length earned Optimus another rev of that powerful engine.

The charge dancing along Optimus’s lines drove him on as he bobbed his helm, optics half shuttered, lips stretched. Every gentle circle around his node and cycling of his calipers around Pax’s spike had Optimus moaning around the thick girth.

Orion’s spike reached the back of his mouth when Optimus took him deeper still, the tip pressing against his intake once – twice – and the third time Optimus whined as he tried to take more, servos clutching at Orion as he forced his helm forward. The sound rose to a desperate pitch as he felt Pax’s spike press in deeper, spreading another ring of calipers.

The tip of Orion’s spike breeched the first calipers of his intake and Optimus’s HUD filled with warning pings.

Optimus gagged. He tried to quickly dismiss the notifications, to get to his subroutines, to stop his frame from rejecting it, but it was too late. He pulled back quickly, oral lubricant escaping his lips as his intake worked and his vents hiccupped.

Pax’s servo left his node to stroke his abdominal plating while Orion’s digits stroked his finials.

“Are you alright?” came to Optimus in stereo and something about that made him laugh through a cough.

“Fine, I’m fine, so don’t worry,” he assured, circling his thumb around the tip of Orion’s spike before sucking it into his mouth again. The large Prime grunted and his hips gave a slight jolt.

Optimus’s valve spiraled down and squeezed, beads of lubricant escaping around his rim, and as soon as the calipers relaxed Pax moved and metal pressed against metal, the entire spike sheathing inside him, and Optimus was so *full*.

Pax’s vents hissed with how quickly they dumped heat from his frame and Optimus whimpered around Orion’s length.

Again, the charge left him dizzy and euphoric, and again he tried to take Orion deeper.

And, yet again, his systems acted faster than he could react, and Optimus's intake spasmed around the intrusion before he had to pull away, face pinched as he in-vented shakily.

Optimus did not stop to listen to the other Primes' concerns before dipping down again. However, Orion's hold on Optimus's helm tightened, holding him in place as he shifted his hips away, withdrawing his spike from Optimus's mouth. When Optimus looked up to meet Orion's gaze, confused, the older mech stroked his thumb along his cheek. "You do not need to push yourself. I assure you that what you have done has been—" Orion paused, and a kind smile pulled at his mouth, kind but heated "*—very* pleasurable."

Optimus shuddered, aft pushing back to grind against Pax as he kept his optics on Orion. Unfortunately, Pax had stilled again, letting him adjust to his full size, and no doubt wanting to wait until he stopped gagging himself on Orion's spike.

"Thank you, sir," Optimus stammered, his face hot with arousal and embarrassment, and only growing hotter yet when he realized how ridiculous that sounded, especially with how strained his voice was. Still, Pax did not move and nor did Orion, waiting for him. "But I can do it, so please let me try again. I just need to pay attention to my autonomic systems and—"

Orion's thumb slipping into his mouth brought the explanation to a halt. The digit pressed on his glossa, holding it down as Optimus's worked his intake.

Brilliant optics cycled as they considered him.

"Do you want to take me deeper?"

Optimus nodded, closing his swollen lips around the digit and sucking lightly. The rumble of Orion's engine was echoed from the other Prime as well, the vibrations of Pax's engine transferring through his spike into Optimus's valve. The smallest Prime wiggled his hips, trying to get Pax to move, to feel that spike slide against the mesh of his valve, to drag along his nodes, *anything*.

"Are you sure you are able?"

Optimus revved his engine encouragingly.

Orion huffed an amused ex-vent and pulled his thumb out.

"Then allow me to help you."

Orion's servos cradled Optimus's helm, holding him in place as his hips rolled forward again, pressing the spike to the smallest Prime's lips. They parted instantly, allowing Orion to shallowly thrust in and out of Optimus's mouth, so careful but Optimus could hear the hitch in his vents and the hum building in his vocalizer.

A pinch to his node brought nearly all of Optimus's attention back to his valve, and finally, *finally*, those strong hips started to move as well, dragging that thick spike out before sliding it all in with one thrust.

Optimus keened and his optics shuttered closed as his charge sky-rocketed.

His pedes dug into the berth, and one servo braced him up while the other held onto Orion's hip like a life-line. Optimus's frame quivered and rocked, both frustrated and excited by how little he

could move between the two strong holds on him. There wasn't much he could do but keep himself on his knees as Orion struck up a steady rhythm, pumping his spike into his tight valve. Optimus pressed his glossa up against the spike thrusting into his mouth, doing his best to keep up his suction, but had little other choice as Orion set the pace. Oral lubricant overflowed and dribbled down his chin.

Optimus's spark was pulsing hard enough that it felt ready to break through his chest as he whined and writhed.

"I'm going deeper now," Orion warned, his servos flexing and curling to better grasp the back of Optimus's helm. "Focus on your systems and relax."

Optimus couldn't even nod, just groaned as he rerouted all ventilations to his frame vents, and then Orion was rolling his hips forward. His servos were immovable as the tip of that hot spike pressed against the calipers of his intake, giving Optimus nowhere to escape. Warning pings came and went as Optimus quieted his autonomic systems.

Pax's hips snapped to his and Orion's spike forced its way into the waiting intake.

Optimus's optics went wide as a sob bubbled up in his vocalizer.

He was so *full*.

Optimus jerked as his valve clenched and convulsed, his own long forgotten spike painting transfluid across the berth as charge lit up his sensornet and arced off his plating. His shout was muffled by the thick spike filling his intake but there was no hiding the tears that pooled under his optics and spilled down his cheeks.

Orion pulled out of his mouth, his digits comforting as they pet his helm and wiped away the tears. Pax still moved in his valve, but his pace slowed, the long and slow drag of his spike drawing out the overload as Optimus shivered and whimpered.

The shivers became a full-frame jolt when Pax blanketed his back and nuzzled the top of his helm.

"You did so well," Pax purred, stroking Optimus's abdominal plating as he slowed to a grind against the smaller Prime's aft, spike still pulsing in his valve.

"You took us both so beautifully," Orion agreed as he moved on to wiping away the excess oral lubricant, smiling down at him.

They both radiated pride.

Optimus's valve twitched and clenched, his hips rocking slowly again.

The two Prime's chuckled in near unison.

"Again, little Prime?"

Optimus nodded and sighed as Pax thrust into him again.

"Until you both overload."

One of Orion's servos dipped to lightly cup his neck, digits so, so careful along his neck cables.

"If you want," one of them said with humor and lust. Optimus couldn't be sure of who as Orion's spike was back in front of him, and his focus was on having it back in his mouth.

“Thank you, sirs.”

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